THE AIR LINE A'One-Man Job

An Aeroplane Romance Of Chinatown and Canada

By EDWIN BLISS

PENOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. of Sanford Weshburn, an Aero Club mili-Abt is approached by a Chinaman, Dr. so claims to be a Chinatown tong ruler, came to therese a matter of great and importance with Abt. The alman and on go to New York's Chinatown to meet

CHAPTER V.

An Aerial Contract.

are kept out and only old residents spleen. permitted to remain."

strangely enough, we see Chinese ldren toddling about our streets. know the marts of San Francisco are filled with Chinese slave women. fuded, yes; but scarcely a day two hundred dollars to bring anslong the Canadian line know my

of the practical side. They say my invention belongs to the world, but twenty-five years from my shoulders They call me a big man, and, thinking of their own comparative little-ness, say such a thing belongs to the world. Perhaps it does, but I must have my return. And the trony of the whole thing is that this public compels me to resort to subterfuge to obtain IL"

Washburn nodded gravely toward first time the feelings of the sero-

Abt, carried away by the recital of his own pent-up grievances, coupled JT Chinese are barred with a brooding seif-pity, induced by from the country," pro- the fame he found besetting him, was tested Abt. "We have pacing the floor rapidly. A sneering little to fear from them laugh played about the corners of his so long as the women mouth as he disgorged bimself of his

"They think an ordinary plane is Dr. Wu's great frame shook with all I have; think I tell everything," sed mirth. "Certainly, they he gibed bitterly. "For two years the are excluded," he assented. "There secret of flight has been mine alone. are no Chinese woman or children al- What do they think I remained a herlewed to enter this country. Yet, mit all that time for? Look at the other inventors with their mone and biplanes, all idling where I stood two years ago. I was solving those problems which followed naturally on the heels of flight. Make it useful—that that I do not write out a check was the question. The prime requirement was to have comething that Chinamen in. The beatmen could not overturn—a natural bal-the Canadian line know my ple enough when it came, but it took well; steamship companies a devil of a while coming; the ad-

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Changes in The locations of the proper in two messages where there is no water the control of a spright, married state of the proper in two messages where the proper is not married to a spright, married state of a spright state

By J. H. Cassel NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE HOVEL IN THE EVENING WOOLD

GARRYOWEN

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

and know something about fig-Washburn—is that correct? No, he lifted his little hand in protest Dector Wu, his eyes narrowing ted to remonstrate—"I couldr think of charging one cent more; the fee is not too little when you consider the meral motives actuating me in taking the contract. No, no; not a ent more, doctor—not a penny." Slowly the Chinaman bent his head, thile from under the long systrows

while from under the long eyebrows his eyes were raised furtively to the aviator's face. For a second they filmed, those eyes, then a bland smile played about his lips. He opened his mouth to speak when the door creaked slightly, then awang open, and the shrinking figure of Dutch Fred slienced Dutch Fred, who had leading the of the gamblers at their interminable fan-tan; and then a terrific creak that seemed to shake the very house. Bunping, bounding sounds came to their ears. Dutch Fred slammed shut the door, and, throwing a great boit.

sponded the other. "It takes a day to unpack for the

Abt equinted narrowly at the tatorial in tone to suit his own "what's all this hurry about? I bell you I'll make the trip whenever you any at the price I named; I don't ou-

The Chinaman laughed has "How? Because Wells might the door, and, throwing a great boit, the door, and, throwing a great boit, stood with his back against it, face "How? Because Wells might have blanched and lips shaking pendulous- heard, and what Wells might have ly, a haunting fear in his great, heard Wells siways does beer. blanched and lips shaking pendulously, a haunting fear in his great, lustrous eyes.

Wu glided toward him with the swift, slinking motion of a panther. One great hand reached out and pressed a button artfully conosaled in the yellow tapestry. Slowly the panels of the room closed, leaving them in a darkness that slowly but steed. By grew into soft, mellow light.

Wu's voice was purring as he addressed the pianest. "Who?" questioned the giant, his fingers closing on the musician's arm. "What was the noise? Who is in the house?"

Dutch Fred's face went white even to his lips, and a little whimper of pain at the pressure on his arm escaped him. Washburn, incensed at the crueity of the giant, laid his hands on We's shoulders and threw him backward. He could feel in that second the heroulean muscles swelling under the time sliken garment, could feel the tiggrish anap the man gave his round shoulders at this opposition.

The Chinaman crouched back, as the sides we't in Harnsville back and protect it; I've get to husels back and protect it; I've get to understand this thing thoroughly. If this Mock Duck isn't in Harnsville